

## SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 25, 1913.

## THOSE GAS RATES AGAIN.

Citizen orators have replied to The News-Times in defense of Candidate Keller's proposed reduction of gas and electric rates.

And such a reply.  
To Keller's flamboyant statement that if he is elected mayor, he will work for lower rates, this newspaper pointed out that he could do no more as mayor than he can now as a private citizen, that if he believes rates are too high, all he has to do is to join with nine other tax payers in a petition to the public service commission which will pass on the matter.Keller himself ignored the challenge, as unanswerable.  
But some of his corps of fair haired boy orators came back with a crushing rejoinder.

It was that the commission was appointed by a democratic governor and composed of democrats, so what was the use of petitioning them, anyhow.

Those who have been following the citizens' speeches are continually impressed by the superficiality of the mental featherweights who are talking for Keller. But this is perhaps the most absurd yet.

In the first place there is no other way provided under our statutes for reducing those rates than through the commission. If Keller was president of the United States, and Bill Hays emperor of Germany, they could do no more than they can now.

As mayor or private citizens they'd have to work through the commission whether their politics coincided with the commission members or not. In the next place, do these fellows really think that they have a monopoly of political virtue, and that outside their party all is crooked.

We had thought the days of such utter partisanship were past.

Certainly a democratic governor appointed the commissioners. Someone had to do it. They couldn't seize the office by force of arms, like Mexican generals do the presidency. The legislature entrusted this responsibility of the appointment to the highest official in the state. And the people of Indiana showed their faith in the honesty and intelligence of Samuel Ralston when by decisive figures they chose him to be their governor. Of his appointments Governor Ralston himself has said:

"As governor I gave long and serious consideration to the appointments I should make on the public service commission before making them. I not only weighed carefully all that was said in support of the men who were recommended to me, but I considered men who were not seeking an appointment.

"The men I selected for the public service commission represent my own judgment and my own conscience, and I have no apology to offer to any man or any newspaper for the choice I made, however powerful or unscrupulous that man or that paper may be.

"I call the public's attention to the fact that time has already justified my action in choosing the men I did for this commission. In the action of the commission in the gas merger, just consummated, it has given the people of Indianapolis 35 cent gas, thereby saving the consumers of gas in this city at least \$100,000 annually, with the assurance that gas will be still cheaper in the future. In this one case the commission has saved the public enough to pay the entire cost of the commission for a year."

It rather looks as if the citizens had blundered into a blind alley in their hunt for catch-vote arguments. Keller is showing better judgment than by trying to answer the argument at all.

But in all fairness he ought to stop saying he's going after lower gas or electric rates, until he can figure out some sort of an explanation of how he's going to do it, and how his being elected mayor will help bring this about.

## FOR MAYOR.

Patrick A. Joyce.  
FOR CITY CLERK.  
Harvey Redfield.  
CITY JUDGE.  
Patrick Houlihan.  
COUNCILMEN-AT-LARGE.  
J. A. McCullough, George N. Whitman and Joseph Paddel.  
COUNCILMAN, FIRST WARD.  
George Zimmerman.  
SECOND WARD.  
Sever Thompson.  
THIRD WARD.  
Jere F. Hager.  
FOURTH WARD.  
Andrew Siefert.  
FIFTH WARD.  
George Phillips.  
SIXTH WARD.  
John K. Smogor.  
SEVENTH WARD.  
Gustave Haslauer.

## A PROMPT DENIAL.

Judge Gary hastens to contradict the report that a reduction of the present output of steel is contemplated and to say that the subject of laying off men was not considered at the president's meeting. Doubtless the chairman of the board of the steel corporation was anxious to remove any existing impression that his concern is disposed to lead a movement to discredit tariff revision.

Secy. Redfield's warning that any action which might be construed into such an attempt would be investigated seems to have had a wholesome effect on those who might resort to such drastic means of expressing disapproval. An investigation would not be welcomed under such circumstances. It would impose reflections which no concern would care to have placed upon it.

The qualifying explanation given by Judge Gary that in case of a decrease of business it is the practice to close one or more mills which are in reality emergency plants, intended to run only in rush times, is reasonable and will be understood in manufacturing centers where the public has become accustomed to fluctuations of business, but even restrictions of this character will be closely watched to see that they do not cover an ulterior purpose.

The administration has the conviction that the new tariff will not adversely affect the industrial and commercial interests of this country, that on the contrary it will be helpful in restoring and maintaining normal conditions, and it does not propose to have this purpose thwarted by artificial and sinister means without exposing those guilty of the attempt. To summarize drop 8,000 men from the payroll of the steel corporation, in accordance with the report, would inevitably subject the concern to an investigation.

It may be a little difficult to get away from the idea that private business is a private affair and that it is none of the public's concern how it is conducted, but when private business interferes with the public welfare there is nothing else for government to do. A menace is a menace, from whatever source it may originate. The government cannot discriminate on the

plea that it is interfering with personal rights. There is no such thing as personal rights in conflict with public rights.

It is gratifying that the head of the steel corporation took this early opportunity to disavow any intention to arbitrarily close a large part of the corporation's plant. It may be accepted as evidence of a disposition to go along with the spirit that animates the administration and it places a quietus upon any purpose that may exist to discredit the new tariff law in advance.

## THE CANDIDATE—PATRICK J. HOULIHAN.

When a man becomes a candidate for a judicial office there should be a reason for his election.

He should not be able to command the votes of his fellow citizens merely because he wants the office.

Wanting an office and possessing the qualifications that make a man fit for it are two distinct propositions.

Patrick J. Houlihan is the democratic candidate for city judge. He wants the office, but there are better reasons than that for electing him.

He has the quality as a man and the qualifications as a student of law.

These are a stronger recommendation than his success in building up the John III Sobieski Building and Loan association from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000.

To become a merciful as well as a just judge the candidate must be a humane and upright man. Mr. Houlihan is both.

He appreciates the opportunities the office of city judge will give him for the exercise of these qualities if he is elected. It appeals to him as a field of great usefulness to society.

"The judge of this court," he says, "should be a man of responsibility and discernment. He should be able to discriminate between those cases where the law should be enforced with all its strictness and severity and those where mercy should temper justice."

He appreciates that much of the misery and degradation of the city finds its way to the police court and must be disposed of by the city judge with a due regard for human frailties and a deep sense of his responsibility to society.

Mr. Houlihan is a man of mature years. He has had experience with many phases of human nature. Though a bachelor he is a man of family responsibilities. For twelve years he has been a father to his widowed sister's six young children.

He will know what to do when he has to deal with the unfortunate, and will have the heart to do it. He will know what to do when the vicious are brought before him, and will have the courage to do it.

In a word Mr. Houlihan possesses in the highest degree the essentials of a police court judge and if elected will honor the position for which he is chosen.

## HUNTING THE AMERICAN TIGER

By Dan J. Singer

## CHAPTER IV.

The next two days' searching of the forest for fresh tiger signs revealed very little. On the third morning after the encounter with the peccaries I remained in camp, while John Charley, who had been off since daylight, returned about 10 o'clock and reported that one of the much-desired American tigers had just killed a wild hog, only eating a small portion of it. As the "kill" had been carefully covered, we were sure this pointed the intention of the slayer's return. All the rest of the men had gone up the stream in the large boat, on a sort of holiday and fishing trip. They had taken along the dogs, leaving me quite alone and undisturbed in camp, where I was penning this very narrative. The news of the jaguar banished all further thought of writing that day, and with John Charley in the little wood-skin craft, I slid rapidly down stream for a couple of miles. Thinking possibly the big cat, through his varying and uncertain habits, might at this very moment be making a second meal from the "kill," we made a wide circuit, so as to come noiselessly upwind, and thus to keep our scent from reaching him. After an hour of picking our way through the thick tangle of growth, exercising the utmost care to avoid the slightest noise, we neared the spot and looked tentatively through the mass of foliage. There was neither sound nor movement—it was the silence of death.

I said death, for it was high noon and the sun, shimmering undimmed, drove all the wild dwellers to seek the quiet shade, where the sun could not stab. Almost inch by inch we worked our way up, but it was soon apparent that nothing had returned to the "kill." There was a low branching tree within a few yards of the "kill," while all around the jungle grew thick, excepting for a long opening caused by the fall of a giant Mora that lay uprooted, where it had cleaved a right through the jungle for 150 feet, and lay there stark and naked. In the low tree near the "kill" we built a platform of interlaced branches. These are not built for the purpose of safety, for our tiger climbs with wonderful agility—not to lessen the chances of getting caught, but to escape. Here we took up our silent vigil.

An hour dropped by and we had seen and heard nothing but the continual singing of the hordes of mosquitoes that were biting with such a fierce and annoying persistence that I could scarcely maintain a reasonable degree of composure. Finally, rather than to be literally eaten alive by these pests, I decided to send John Charley back for the dogs. In the more than 100 miles the tiger was "lying up" close by, and I believed with the pack we could bring him to bay and have the thing over in short order. The faint sound of John Charley's footfalls could be heard as he came back, and soon died away. Then again settled the solemn hush of the great forest around. The shrilling of the insects continued, and since there was no other sound to be heard—it was hard to tell what made me feel that I was not alone—unless it was that I was served with that sixth sense that comes to us at times. For there, where nothing had shown a moment before, appeared a vision of spotted black and gold gazing inquiringly down the deserted vista from the very end of the nude Mora log.

He came on slowly for a step or two, then stopped short in the middle of a pace, seemingly to listen, as if something had arrested his attention. Not a breath stirred, the silence was complete; even the merciless mosquitoes seemed to pause in their murmurings.

While his majesty was thus occupied he deliberately stared up into my tree with two unexpressed sinister, evil eyes—no, not eyes—two bits of cold steel that penetrated through to one's very backbone.

Slowly he sank down to a crouch; suddenly his ears were gone, flattened; then, wrinking his fastidious nose-

trils, that grinning mask displayed a splendid set of shining, cruel fangs that spelled hate and death.

Whether it was just that I caused him to display such a hateful loathing, or the idea that I had come to rob him of his rightful prey, was a question to dwell on later. He seemed about to dispel the idea that his race retired before man; and yet I felt certain, in spite of all his apparent willingness to do battle, he would not come on another inch. And just herein lay the rub.

I had been persuaded, against my better judgment, that a shotgun loaded with buckshot was the proper arm to use in the thick jungle, as almost invariably the shooting was close up and, too, in the case of following up a wounded jaguar, it gave opportunity for quicker action.

And so, much to my dismay, I had brought the shotgun. How, for just that fraction of a second, my thoughts turned longingly to the old rifle; for the distance, though not great, was still too far to shoot with any degree of certainty of killing with such an arm. "Better take a chance, while I have it, even if it is a slim one," I thought. At that moment my crafty fellow might, with a single bound, disappear—and perhaps I should never again catch a glimpse of his beautifully spotted hide. I instantly, after shooting the first barrel, to instantly shoot the second, even if I had to make a wing shot while he was in the air, so to speak, but there was no chance. At the instant of the first shot he had vanished with a wild, shrill cry, like that of a peccary, that the eye could scarce follow.

Reloading and slipping to the ground, I paused at the butt of the tree to catch the slightest sound or movement. There was neither. Then I turned the Mora log with the gun at the ready, I stepped cautiously along. A big lizard went scuttling over some dead leaves. Up went the gun, and I almost let off the right barrel. Near the end of the great log a few dots of scarlet caught my eye. He was hit—there was no doubt of that. Ever so carefully, step by step, and scanning carefully every possible foot of the way, I took up the trail, and I turned back and puzzled it out again. Now and then I could see his footprints plainly in the soft soil, and occasionally a spot of blood. Then he came back, and I turned back and puzzled it out again. Now and then I could see his footprints plainly in the soft soil, and occasionally a spot of blood. Then he came back, and I turned back and puzzled it out again.

In an hour more there was no use trying to fool myself, though I hated to accept it as a fact.

I was lost!

And, what was more, at almost this moment there came a veritable tropical downpour. Before the torrents of rain pelted down and drenched me through, I was in a dripping perspiration, but now the sudden wetting has thrown me into a violent chill, shaking so from head to foot I was compelled to put my gun down for fear of dropping it.

So far I had escaped fever, but this occurrence was almost sure to bring on fever that would go raging and surging until it ran its course—one way or the other. To put it mildly, my prospects were not good. At length the rain passed over, but every few minutes I would be seized with another chill. When I realized that I was in a maze out of which no human being could possibly find his way, excepting it were a native Indian, a horror of loneliness gripped me as I felt myself being completely swallowed up in the immensity of the jungle!

Could John Charley trail me after that sea of rain had swept away every sign? I didn't know. But I did know that every bit of wild craft he possessed would be taxed to its utmost to do so! I climbed high up in a tree

to see if some solution of my predicament would present itself.

The sun was slowly sinking below the great, undulating roof of the jungle; the prospect of spending the night in such an ill-chosen place was gradually commencing to assert itself. As I stared out over these fastnesses my heart was smitten with a sudden sense of infinite and eternal desolation. Then I felt another chill coming on, so I quickly slid to the ground. Pale shapes took form before my vision—made and unmade themselves—the whole jungle swayed, moved a pace forward, then back; I was in the grip of the jungle fever!

After a short interval I recovered my strength sufficiently to move on again. Walking over to the gnarly roots of a giant tree, I sat down to "take stock" of my chances. "A man should never give up until he is quite dead," I would say slowly, which seemed to have a slightly stimulating effect. Taking a deep breath, I sent a long, loud call chasing through the jungle, and, when it ceased, it struck me that it had something of the tone in it that reminded me of a lone wolf howling the loss of his mate.

I then listened intently, straining my ears to catch the slightest sound. Suddenly a heavy, hissing breath close behind me made me whip around with a sensation of the hair rising on my scalp. Not more than a few paces away was coiled a huge snake, his head protruding unpleasantly near, and eyeing me with a pair of cold, unwinning, malignant eyes! A forked, colorless, flickering tongue added to his heinous appearance! His face seemed pitilessly and endlessly whimsical. What would happen next?

The deadly contents of the shotgun flew out and quite demolished his whole head. And then slowly his body uncoiled, and gracefully, even in death, he slid to the ground until the tail finally came down with a flip. I couldn't help but smile when the thought struck me that I would have been fresh meat, at any rate. Then once more came the mysterious, whispering, terrifying silence. But a sharp sound came up from the depths of the gloom, for the light was pallid now, and still another sharp sound!

I called loudly and loudly—and waited; like an echo it rolled back through the jungle. There was no mistaking it now—it was John Charley coming with the dogs!

By dint of unparalleled paddling, even all through the long starry nights, my men landed me in Georgetown before my fever had progressed far. With the attendance and never-to-be-forgotten kindness of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Lockwood (who were on a visit from New York), I was soon on my feet again and planning another hunt for the elusive American tiger!

One hundred miles to the east, and extending up from the coast, are the vast Savannah lands, that roll away for miles upon miles. Their proportions are so great that no one tries to indicate their enormity. Clothed with a luxuriant growth of grass, that waves and bends majestically as the winds ever and anon go singing and dancing across their vast reaches, they make excellent pasture for the few cattle that have been turned out for the experiment of stock-raising.

There was one, big Jack Haley, who had started a cattle ranch out in this very Savannah country, and word had come to me that an American tiger was playing havoc with his stock. With a letter of introduction to Mr. Jack, and rifle in hand, I rolled out of Georgetown on the only railroad in the colony, headed due east for Berbice, at the mouth of the Berbice river, and the terminus of the road. Just where I was going, and how I was going to find this Haley fellow, my ideas were very vague. But, at any rate, I was perfectly content with the mere thought that I was on my way.

(To be Concluded Monday.)

## THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

## COME IN!

This Melting Pot is just a game To engage your idle thinker; It's not designed to spoil a name, Nor put you on the blinker.

Come in and taste the sweets of fame That cling to your initials; We shoulder all there is to blame, With defiance to officials.

DIAZ is the kind of a fool we never had either an ambition nor tendency to be. To use a commonplace, we have always tried to avoid rushing in where angels fear to tread.

ONE effect of the wholesale smuggling by women may be to arouse in husbands a suspicion that wives are engaged in a persistent effort to put something over on them.

We Have Our Opinion of Mr. DeRose. Sirs—In a talk recently delivered before the Alert Women's club of Chicago, Billy DeRose was quoted as saying:

"The chief trouble with the young married women of today is that they have nothing very much to do. Because they have no important purpose in life, their mind becomes filled up with trivialities, and they spend their days multiplying in their minds the foolish little things that they would forget instantly if they had something more important to engage their mental and physical powers."

"They are shirking all the serious things that their mother-in-law and father-in-law have made the chief end of life—the raising of children and the making of a happy home."

This is all very well from an outside point of view, but I know from actual experience that a young married woman has got all she can do from early morning till late at night to uphold her end of the burden, and I believe Mr. DeRose was very inconsiderate in making such a false statement regarding the young married woman of today. What do you think about it? MRS. G. A.

A CHICAGO man announces his ability to restore sight to the blind by attaching a motor to the optic nerves. He bases his principle on the theory of hypnotized persons to see with their eyes closed, the motor serving as a mechanical hypnotist. If we were blind and the inventor a hypo we might see, but having eyes we can see nothing but bunk.

Keep Your Eye On Dick. (Argos Reflector.) R. M. Johnson came down from South Bend with Ira Keyser the first of the week and secured another horse from the latter. Dick Johnson is another of those famous Argos products who have come forth into the big world and made good. That is he has made good commercially speaking, but in matters matrimonial he has not been so fortunate. Up to this hour, Richard has been traveling the great highway of life in single loneliness, but such faith have we in his everlasting persistency that we are willing to stake our reputation as a

prophet upon the prediction that he will be crowned victor in the field that has thus far withstood his advances.

A HIGH class musical entertainment and a swell wedding the same evening exposes our limitations in a rather humiliating way. It was not perhaps a case of the survival of the fittest but of a triumph of preference.

What Do You Suppose P. E. T. Means. (Laporte Herald.) About 20 girls met last night at the Waltham league rooms to organize a club, which they have given the name of P. E. T. club. The evening following the business was spent with needlework, and refreshments.

AS a test of the power to analyze human expression the Pini-Cordi concert approached the supreme for the individual whose Italian education was overlooked in youth and neglected in maturity. We, for example, got something out of it besides the charming music, but doubtless a lot of good comedy got by us.

The Country Fair. (Benton Harbor Leader.) I've always lived in a city; Never saw a country fair; Heard about the one at Millburg; Jumped on a car and went there.

As we approached the old city, A man got up, then sat down, Altogether too many houses; Why I was born in the town.

But sure enough it was Millburg On the banks of the old Blue Creek, Almost dead and forgotten, but Anything but dead this week.

Now hundreds of towns have street fairs, But this was a success, and why? Because everyone competes; And enthusiasm ran high.

'Twas not the things that were entered But because all lent a hand; You couldn't keep people from coming, Even if there wasn't a band.

Millburg has slept for a long time, But it's not dead, believe me; A town where they pull together Like that means success, you'll see.

Saw everything that was going; Sorry I couldn't stay for the dance; I had a bully good time at Millburg; Go again, if I have a chance.

ISSUING a Thanksgiving proclamation is in our list of negligences along with blowing a factory whistle at 12 o'clock.

THE American citizen who requires jogging to insure a proper observance of Thanksgiving day ought to go without his dinner.

OR be served with a wing. C. N. F.



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